His Personal Appearance in Old Age-His Influence Over His Followers-His Conand Ilis Absolute Good Faith-Navy Yard thays and His Rise - Many Charities.

robably nine out of ten of those to whom name of McLaughlin is familiar take it for ted that the Brooklyn Democratic leader Hugh McLaughlin was born brooklyn, of Irish parentage, and has lived all his life. Unlike most of the Brook-McLaughlins, he is essentially a product Brooklyn. No one knows exactly how old s, but 71 is very near the right mark. Within at five years he has aged considerably those who have not seen him within that arried will be impressed by the notable change high he has undergone. His step now lacks hat springy character which stamped him hale bearty at the age of 70. He still retains that remarkable ruddiness of complexion so rare in men of his age which seems to promise many years of active life. His figure is as straight as an arrow. He stands 6 feet high. and the tall silk hat which he wears, winter and summer, makes him appear still taller. dresses faultlessly, but plainly, and no one would ever think of calling him other than

a fine-looking man. His hair, somewhat thin on the top of the head, is white and inclined to be wavy, and he has a white mustache. His keen, bright eyes, still undimmed by age, indicate unusual shrewdness and the ability to read character, two qualities which he undoubtedly possesses in a high degree. Those who know him intimately say that his natural character is one of extreme amiability, and that the habitual sternness familiar to those who have come in contact with him in a political way is merely assumed. Those who have observed with care the boss's physiognomy will be inclined to credit this. There is a gleam of invincible good nature in his eyes which seems strangely at variance with the reputation the newspaper men give him.

Wonder has often been expressed at Boss McLaughlin's extraordinary power over men. Those qualities which give a man a kind of absolute despotism over his fellows are an exceedingly interesting study, and yet when they are analyzed they are found to consist of very simple elements. McLaughlin owes his success to an intense shrewdness of a rather commonplace order united to extreme caution and backed up by a sense of strict honor

repossessing as possible. The place was remerly known as "Kerrigan's auction shop" of those who wished to confer with the recogned head of the Democratic party in Kings bunty were obliged to pick their steps among different their steps among the boss held his state. All sorts and contions of men find their way to this dingy wrine of Democracy. District leaders in arch of jobs for constituents lawyers and ten clergymen elbow one another within the narrow confines of the auction shop waits hours for an audience. These audiences even clerkymen elbow one another within the narrow confines of the auction shop waiting hours for an audience. These audiences are usually short and to the point. Tales of wo are poured into the ears of the chief, and disputes without number are "fixed up." In cases of disputes between rival leaders the arbitrament of the boss is final.

Unlike some men of strong character and stubborn instincts, Hugh McLaughlin has the faculty of forgiveness. Some of the men closest to him to-day, through whose efforts some of his greatest triumphs have been won, were at one time his bitterest enemies. Those who have watched certain phases of his career would not be surprised to see Senator Coffey, now at daggers drawn, numbered later among his trusted lieutenants. This utterlack of the implacable in his character has proved an inestimable benefit to him during the course of his long management of the Brooklyn Democratic machine. His policy has always been to conciliate a powerful foe rather than to exasperate him, and with this end in view he has at times made concessions which were thought to be ruinous by his colleagues, but in the long run have never failed to vindicate his judgment.

end in view he has at times made concessions which were thought to be ruinous by his colleagues, but in the long run have never failed to vindicate his judgment.

A timely illustration of the conciliatory attitude of the boss may be found in the case of Mr. Edward M. Shepard who is now on good terms with the regular Democratic organization. Mr. Shepard has opposed the organization tooth and nail for years, and on one occasion he became an independent candidate for Mayor for the sole purpose of beating McLaughlin's nominee. He has done incalculable harm to the regular Democratic organization in the past, and the possibility of anything approaching a reconciliation in his case seemed little short of a miracle. Yet this miracle has actually occurred, and Mr. Shepard is now persona grata at the auction shop.

Mr. McLaughlin's extreme reticence as regards interviewing has almost passed into a proverb. He is said to be the most difficult to approach of any man in public life. An interview with him is esteemed a prize, and the man who can get one of these coveted talks with the "Boss" is looked up to with considerable envy in Brooklyn. Innumerable are the devices resorted to in the endeavor to make "the old man" talk, as the phrase goes. Once in a while a daring writer calls at his house for the purpose of Interviewing him, but he seldom calls for the second time. Scant consideration is shown to the newspaper man who tries to beard the boss in his private home. He has made an inexora-

second time. Scant consideration is shown to the newspaper man who tries to beard the boss in his private home. He has made an inexorable rule that all political business must be transacted in his office in Willoughby street, and this rule is one that he never departs from There was a time, however, when it was possible to see him at his home, and a few may still remember the strange scene that used to take place in front of the Remsen street residence. In those days the Willoughby street auction shop had not yet become the established Mecca, and the politicians who wanted to see the boss to business were accustomed to troop down to and the politicians who wanted to see the boss on bisiness were accustomed to troop down to Remsen street and take up their station in line in frent of the house, where they waited until it was the pleasure of the leader to come out and confer with them. When he was good and ready he was wont to confer with his satellites, one by one, as they stood ranged along the gutter like a string of gallery gods in frent of a theatre. No one seemed to take umbrage at this rather inhospitable custom, for it was well understood that under no circumstances would the boss be willing to profane his private home with the discussion of politics. Composing that line along the gutter were some men who have since arrived at considerable prominence, and since arrived at considerable prominence, and t is doubtful if they would care to remember the days of the "Remsen street chain kang," as some wag once termed the expectant line of

ewag once termed the expectant line of esmen.

Ir. McLaughlin has a remarkable memory does not become impaired by age. It goes keep to be a compaired by age. It goes keep to be a compaired by age. It goes keep to be a compaired by age of the was conted and extends to the smallest details, position in his party naturally brought him outact with many well-known men, of politicitistory, and his stories of campaigns of the land politicians long since passed away are emely interesting. He has a remarkable cory for faces, and even for names, and it since said of him by an admiring follower. Tike Creser, he knows the name of every in his army." Notwithstanding his very accumulation, He is essentially a home and most of his time not taken up by iteal affairs is spent with his family, cobably the man that has been admitted to completest intimacy by the boss is James tim, who has long been known in Brooklyn the most trusted lieutenant." An oil por-

the boss in character and appearance. He is about 55, stands 5 feet 5 inches high and wears a full, close-cropped beard of the exact style of Gen. Grant's. His admirers compare him to Grant and it is said that he does not deny the resemblance. Mr. Shevlin has the reputation of being, next to McLaughlin, the most powerful politician in the Democratic organization. He is trusted absolutely by his chief and has great activity and stubborn perseverance. He is said to be the most silent man in Brooklyn. Men who have known Shevlin for years have positively never heard him utter a word. This talent is highly prized by the boss. It is thought that the manule of the chief will fall upon the shoulders of this silent lieutenant.

Every little while it is solemnly announced that Mr. McLaughlin is going to retire from politics. These announcements are said to give great amusement to the subject of them. who has very little idea of retiring, and who will probably be found at his post until the final summons comes. The boss's brother, known throughout. Brooklyn as "Bub" McLaughlin, died recently at a ripe old ge. He was a court officer in the Supreme Court of Kings county for many years, and afterward became Under Sheriff of the county, an office he held until the time of his death. He had been appointed by Sheriffs of both political parties, and practically managed the affairs of the Sheriff's office.

Patrick H. McLaughlin, said to be a relative of the boss, is the police inspector over whom there is a row just now because the boss wants him to have charge of the Coney Island inspection district. William W. McLaughlin, the deputy Chief of Police, was born in this city and has been a member of the police force thirty-two years. He was made a captain in 1887, inspector in 1892, and deputy Chief in October last.

There are 270 other McLaughlinsholding office under the city government. e are 270 other McLaughlins holding office

There are 270 other McLaughlins holding office under the city government.
Hugh McLaughlin ran for political office once. This was nearly a generation ago, when he was triumphantly elected Register an office that laid the foundation of his subsequent fortunes. His genius for politics showed itself when he was very young, and was developed to a high degree among his associates in the navy yard, where he had secured a place as foreman.
Probably the memories of but few go back to the halcyon days when the navy yard, unrammelled by civil service rules, was a domain over which Democratic politicians asserted and maintained almost feudal rights. Places in the yard were in those days considered simply as

maintained almost feudal rights. Places in the yard were in those days considered simply as rewards for political service. Those were the days when a boss or foreman, or for that matter a mere laborer, stood in no awe of gold lace. Nowadays the naval officer has no sort of consideration for the civilian who owes his place in the yard to political influence. He does not hesitate to snub him on all occasions, secure in the knowledge that politics cannot reach him. But it was very different in the days when young Hugh McLaughlin worked in the navy yard. The politicians were accustomed to assert themselves in those days, and officers who regarded their personal comfort were slow to antagonize them. A Commander who underwho regarded their personal comfort were slow to antagonize them. A Commander who undertook to disregard the wishes of a politician ran serious risk of finding himself in China within a few months. On one occasion a certain well-known politician went to the Captain of the Yard with a request for an appointment. The official, who had a contempt for politicians, got on his high horse and treated his visitor with considerable hauteur. The politician took things quietly, waited till he of the gold lace finished his denunciation of politicians, and said:

sincess to an intense shrewdness of a rather commonplace order united to extreme caustion and backed up by a sense of strict honor in his dealings with his political associates lie has never been known to fail in his word it wittings quietly to have disappointed the hope, of those who have placed their trust in him, his word is always literally as good as his bond. His reputation of unawering fidelity to his promises has stood him in wonderful stead during his whole career, and has been a very considerable element in his reat success. It is not necessary to point out that such a characteristic is not at all common among the run of politicians, though it will invariably be found in those that deserved to be pixed in the class with the Brooklyn bess. This quality of personal rectitude in dealing with which would compel admiration if it were not essentially provincial. It is a well-known fact that MoLaughlin's influence has a saway been circumserable by the limits of brooklyn. He has never attempted to extend his influence to state or national politicis, and the has never attempted to extend his influence to has too more and an activated and a state or national politicis, and the has never attempted to extend his influence to have or national politicis, and the has covered and the has cov

Mr. McLaughlin has seldom been seen at a theatre. He has, however, attended performances given in aid of the charities in which his wife was interested. For society he has little taste, and the only social function which he attends, and has never missed, is the annual ball of the Emerald Society, given for the benefit of the Brooklyn orphans.

One of his chief diversions is dominoes. He is a wayner doming player, and it used to be ball of the Emerald Society, given for the benefit of the Brooklyn orphans.

One of his chief diversions is dominoes. He is an expert domino player, and it used to be a common thing to see him in the evening deep in his favorite game in the meeting rooms of the G. A. R. in the borough hall. Such an occasion was interesting for the chance spectator. The boss would mingle freely among the grizzled veterans and seemed to be personally known to all. His partners at the game are the objects of special envy, and the man who can beat him has made his reputation. Hugh MoLaughlin stands high in the estimation of the Roman Catholic clergy. He is a practical Catholic himself and his family has from the beginning of his career been intimately associated with the charitable enterprises of his religion. Most of the pastors of Brooklyn are personally, and some are intimately acquainted with the noted politician. It is very often through the intercession of clergymen that political favors are obtained. Appeals of this kind made to the boss are understood to have a special efficacy, for however brusque he may be in his intercourse with the majority of those who come in contact with him, he always shows marked courtesy to the priests of his Church. The result of this consideration is seen in the almost universal esteem which he enjoys among the Roman Catholic clergy. He has contributed generously to the support of his Church and is a familiar and prominent figure at the various fairs, lawn parties and enterprises of like nature.

Like other political notabilities, Mr. McLaughlin has a passion for fishing, and every summer it is his custom to go down to Greenport, L. L., where excellent angling is to be obtained. During this annual pigrimage of rest politics is supposed to be entirely eschewed by the boss, but as a matter of fact, the ruling passion is by no means completely subdued during this sojourn. The political small fry of Brooklyn follow their leader in considerable numbers to his haven of repose, and Greenport in the sum

sand the possibility of anythink apix a reconciliation in his case seemed and the consibility of anythink apix a reconciliation in his case seemed ality occurred, and Mr. Separal is clausifulity occurred, and mr. Separal is clausiful in the considerable service of the section of these coveted talks with the looked up to with considerable envyly. Innumerable are the devices reprint the endeavor to make the old, as the phrase goes. Once in a while with the considerable envyly in the endeavor to make the old, as the phrase goes. Once in a while we wing him but he seldom calls for the earlier of the party from the West. It is asserted in the endeavor to make the boss wate home. He has made an incordant all political business must be transhis office in Willoughby street, and is a time, however, when it was possible in the boss of the many of the house, where they waited until it politicals who wanted to see the boss see were accustomed to troop down to street and take up their station in line of the house, where they waited until it politicals who wanted to see the boss see were accustomed to troop down to street and take up their station in line of the house, where they waited until it polliticals who wanted to see the boss see were accustomed to troop down to street and take up their station in line of the house, where they waited until it polliticals who wanted to see the boss see were accustomed to troop down to street and take up their station in line of the house, where they waited until it polliticals will be a string of gallery work in the many his accustomed to the summary of the waited to the pollitical seems of the search of the searc

which engage the attention of her husband, her naturally charitable disposition disposes her to help those who are seeking employment under the city. She is often asked to put in a good word with her all-powerful husband, and has done it with good effect. The Brooklyn leader has been singularly happy in his domestio life. His daughters, Helen and Laura, are widely and favorably known in society across the river. The former, who was the widow of Dr. Alexander Carroll, married Mr. William F. Courtney, and Miss Laura was recently married to Dr. Roche of Brooklyn. Both weddings were made occasions for testifying to the respect entertained for Mr. McLaughlin. His friends showered presents upon the brides.

IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD Quaint Customs and Superstitions of East

Pennsylvania Farmers. "Oh, yes, I'll always keep our dead mother's plate at her place at the table," said the daughter of a rich east Pennsylvania farmer. "We will also keep her knife, fork, spoon, cup and saucer and her napkin. I don't know why we do it. only that it is the custom hereabouts among the large landowners. Whenever any grown person dies in the family, especially an unmarried daughter or the mother, her plate at the table is never taken away, save once a month, when it is washed. No one ever sits at that place no matter what the crowd is; no one uses anything belonging to mother.

We hold the place sacred "Down at the farm of one of our neighbors they never remove the plate of their oldest daughter, who died twenty years ago. All the table articles she used to use are still there. And no one has ever occupied her narrow bed in her room. Her things are just like she left them even to the chinaware on her bureau. Her dresses are faded and moth eaten and considerable had to be taken away. but a good many of her things are still as she left them.

"There is not so much regard shown for the boys. But when the head of the house dies his vacant chair at the table is never occupied. No one would dare to take that seat. At one large farm they kept his picture in a frame on his chair until one day the glass cracked and the frame split from some unknown cause. To this day they have an idea that the old farmer's spirit came back and gave that picture a crack because he didn't like to see it there. Next they looked for the plate to be knocked off the table, but as that didn't happen they take it for granted that the farmer thinks that's all right. Over on another farm, where their oldest son died ten years ago, his room is closed forever, and kept just as he left it, with his gun, boots, clothes and fishing rods in the corner. They still call it John's room, and it will so continue until the farm passes into new hands. Not long ago, the sale of a farm was nearly blocked when the owner wanted to stipulate in the deed that a certain room was not to be occupied until after the death of the seller.

"We know an aged lady who still pays for cracked and the frame split from some un-

used as heretofore for shrouds among the farmers of this region. The layer-out of the dead buys more shroud material than is needed, and the relatives get some for picture frames. That is, if the people haven't got their own shrouds made up long before they died. "People have to be very careful of the plates cups and saucers of the dead. It is considered very bad luck if any piece is broken."

FIGHTS WITHIN TAMMANY. More District Contests on New Than There

Have Been for Many Years. It is many years since Tammany Hall has had so many district fights on its hands as it will have at the primaries on Aug. 29. So far, declarations of war have been made in three districts and all of the fights promise to be hot ones. Perhaps the most interesting will be in the Seventh Assembly district where an attempt will be made to unseat East River Bridge Commissioner James W. Boyle. Mr. has repeatedly declared that the trouble in his district is merely sum-mer politics and will blow over with the cool weather, but ex-Aldermen Keahon, who aspires to the leadership, has come out with a circular letter which indicates that he is in earnest in his fight against Mr. Boyle and that he doesn't mean to let up for a moment between now and the dates of the primaries. In his letter Mr. Keahon says that the time has come when everybody in the district who is attached to the principles of Tammany Hall must see that a change in the leadership has become necessary. Dissatisfaction reigns everywhere. he says, and the present leader has lost the confidence of the people, of the central organization and of the heads of the various city departments as well. Mr. Keahon announces his

ments as well. Mr. Keahon announces his candidacy for the leadership and says that he will leave no stone unturned to win out in the contest. He then says:

"So rank have been the abuses which have made this step necessary and so abandoned the methods which call for a change that there can be no turning back nor any cry except success My lifelong residence in this district and the honor its citizens have done me in twice electing me Alderman are guarantees that my best refforts will be made to give the people of the district an honest administration of the organization and a free voice in its affairs."

Mr. Keahon has the support of Coroner Hart and many of the other biggest Tammany men in the district. Commissioner Boyle is in Kansas City at present assisting in the Vice-Presidential boom of Sulzer.

Another interesting fight is to be in the Thirty-first district, where former Police Justice Welders and relegate Isaac A. Honrey to

sas City at present assisting in the Vice-Presidential boom of Sulzer.

Another interesting fight is to be in the Thirty-first district, where former Police Justice Welde is going to try and relegate Isaac A. Hopper to the rear. Last year Mr. Hopper ran against Mr. Welde, who was then leader, and succeeded in giving him a bad beating. Mr. Welde has been planning revenge ever since. He will not run this year for the leadership, but he has announced the candidacy of William J. Kennedy, who is a clerk in one of the district courts in Harlem. Both sides are rallying their forces and an interesting fight is expected.

John J. O'Brien, formerly an inspector in the Department of Highways, will renew his fight for the leadership of the Thirteenth district, against the present leader Peter J. Dooling, Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Public Buildings, Lighting and Supplies. This will be the third year of O'Brien's fight against Dooling and this year he expects to win out. Mr. Dooling, he organized his forces and marched them up Fifth avenue to the Democratic Club, carrying a big banner on which was printed in huge letters: "Stay home from the races and get the boys places." It was said at the time, of O'Brien's henchmen, that they were "the measliest crew that ever got a permit to march up Fifth avenue. The slogan of the O'Brienies this year will be the same as it was in 1898 and 1899, that the leader who neglects his duties to go to the tracks is not fit to hold the place.

The fight in the Ninth district between John C. Sheehan and the Goodwin-Smith faction, is to be renewed, but as it is generally conceded that the Goodwintes will win, the contest will not not be lively or interesting. Mr. Sheehan has been consistently turned down by the organization, although he is really the leader of the district, and will be until after the August primaries. Councilman Goodwin-Smith faction, is to be renewed, but as it is generally conceded that the Goodwintes will win, the contest will not not be lively or interesting. M

THEY ARE WORN WITHOUT CONCEAL. MENT BY WOMEN NOW Case of the Polish Princess Who Was Robbed

in London-The Puritan Sense That Dis-turbs a Club of Women-Bicycle Skirts German Actresses and Their Costumes. The Polish princess who was supposed to have lost pearls valued at \$50,000 in a London hotel and who later begged the police not to trouble themselves about the matter as the

thieves had taken not her original gems, but reproductions of them, has been the subject of more ridicule than sympathy since her loss. She seems to have made the unpardonable mistake of allowing herself to be found out. Few persons believe the story that she always wore reproductions or her jewelry while tray elling, rather than risk the loss of the real stones, and the opinion most frequently ex pressed condemns her for having called at tention to the matter. The wearing of false jewelry is one of the

things that women now do without conceal ment, although the women of a former gen eration would have considered it beneath their

and identification with the kind of careers to which the women in the club are supposed to devote themselves.

Naturally the tests for eligibility for membership in such a club are not so strict as they would be in a club for purely social purposes. Professional life has never been thought compatible with any such exacting standards. Twice in its history this club has been racked by Twice in its history this club has been racked by internal troubles that were caused in each case by a question of the moral state of some woman who had applied for membership or had succeeded in obtaining an election. In one instance the woman who had been named as a corespondent in a divorce case quietly gave up her attempt to become a member when she heard of the storm which the mention of her name aroused. Another woman got into the heard of the storm which the mention of her name aroused. Another woman got into the club before it was discovered that she had once

heard of the storm which the mention of her name aroused. Another woman got into the club before it was discovered that she had once had the same experience. Consequently some of the members are hurrying to send in their resignations as soon as possible in order that they may not be, the shurrying to send in their resignations as soon as possible in order that they may not be, the shurrying to send in their resignations as soon as possible in order that they may not be, the shurrying to send in their resignations as soon as possible in order that they may not be, the shurrying to send in their resignations as accorespondent. Others are declaring that too little investigation is made concerning the candidates who are care lessly recommended by good-hearted acquaint ances anxious to do them a favor and less thoughtful of the welfare of the club.

Almost incredible, however, is the story told of one former member who resigned when Mrs. Langtry was admitted, on the ground that she was not a proper person to be received into the club. The woman who withdrew was undoubtedly of high respectability, but her action in retiring from a club of three hundred women or more merely because Mrs. Langtry was made a member will amuse those persons who are familiar with the certain kind of position which the English actress has always managed to retain in her own country even up to the presented at Court, and this was the result of the mother's friendship with powerful persons, as the Le Breton family was not entitled to any such distinction. Other instances could be cited to prove that Mrs. Langtry to this day enjoys social recognition enough to entitle her to join a club of actresses without compelling the other women to resign.

The club has lost many of its members through resignations founded on no better grounds, and the existence of the organization which was intended to help women in their professional life is already threatened because one or two persons who have been admitted do not come up to all the club members' stan

The French ecclesiastical authorities have been having trouble with the skirt and the bicycle ever since the two became closely associated. It was Cardinal Richard who not long ago declared that priests should not ride in their cassocks because it compelled them to use women's wheels and the resulting spectacle was not regarded as edifying. That effort to separate the skirt and the bicycle marked an earlier stage of the bicycle's popularity than the one which has just attracted the attention of Paris.

Outside of the capital the bicycle has not passed out of use to the same extent as in Paris, so the bicycle costume is still a matter that actively interests the women of the provinces. The situation is the same in France that it is here to-day. In the country, where the bicycle is a necessity, it is as much in demand as it ever was, whereas in the cities, where it was always no more than a fad, it is seen less frequently, and bicycle dress as a topic of interest is as dead as a door nail. It is from the provinces that the last ecclesiastic to become active in the dis-cussion of the skirt and the bicycle sends his

cussion of the skirt and the bicycle sends his vehement protest.

The Archbishop of Rouen has denounced the divided skirt worn by most of the women riders in France in terms that make its final disappearance seem a matter of only a short time. He bases his objection to the bifurcated skirt first, on the ground that it is unwomanly, and, secondly, on the more orthodox ground that the wearing of such a garment by a Christian woman is unchristian. The priests of his diocese have been instructed to continue the Church's warfare against this garment, and the first militant step taken by the Archbishop was to refuse admission to all women who came to the Cathedrai wearing the despised costume.

Rouen is a central point for many French syclists, and most of the women in these par-

ties arrive in divided skirts. But they are not allowed to enter the Cathedral unless they take advantage of the opportunity held out by the verger. He has laid in a stock of long skirts that are rented to women arriving in bicycle dress of the kind which the Archbishop has forbidden. They pay a franc apiece for the use of the long skirts and the compromise satisfies the spirit of the Archbishop's prohibition.

The women of Rouen who wear bifurcated skirts when attending to the ordinary affairs of life are not finding it so easy to overcome the episcopal objections to their style of dress. It has already begun to disappear and the only visitors who have to cover themselves with an extra skirt in order to enter the historic church will be those strangers who have not heard of THE USE OF FALSE JEWELS. ties arrive in divided skirts. But they are not sillowed to enter the Cathedral unless they take

extra skirt in order to enter the historic church will be those strangers who have not heard of the Archbishop's prohibition.

Bieycle dressing for women ceased to be a consideration in the United States five years ago, although the question was flercely discussed for awhile. The excitement that accompanied discussion of the bicycle skirt, the flerce debates as to bloomers and divided skirts are all amusing enough to remember now in view of the absolute neglect of the bicycle by American women now. Its utility still keeps it in use during the summer months, but there is no time now for thought of the wheel itself, much less of the style of skirt that style or Archbishops may suggest. The only style or Archbishops may suggest. The only bicycle skirt that is of interest in the United States nowadays is one that has lasted over into the golf period.

Avear's trial has shown how much the women of the German stage stood in need of the society

states to the state of the women one of a former energy in the state of the state o

years old, according to her mother, but she is full grown and is strikingly handsome. When Magistrate Hogan asked Mrs. Standiff what the trouble was the mother replied that her daughter was a good girl except that she was too independent and impudent. "She even declares at times," said Mrs Standiff, "that she is not my daughter."

"Well, I have grave doubts that she is my mother," said the girl in a very cool way.

The Magistrate immediately became somewhat nettled. He looked hard at the girl and then said:

"We'll give you a chance to find out. You will come here Tuesday morning."

The girl's lawyer suggested that Tuesday morning would be inconvenient, as Miss Stanchiff was working in a department store earn-

morning would be inconvenient, as Miss Stancliff was working in a department store earning her own living.

"She will come here Tuesday morning," insisted the Magistrate. "I am not apologizing to her either for telling her to come here then."

Miss Stancliff appeared in court 'nesday. She was accompanied by an older wo nan who said she was acting as the girl's chaperon. Mrs. Stancliff didn't appear against the girl. When the case was called Miss Stancliff slawyer said that the girl was very sorry for having made the statement about her mother. Magistrate Hogan lectured her severely, telling her she ought to go down on her knees to her mother and beg her mether's pardon. She herself might be a mother some day and then, he said, how would she like to have her own daughter repudiate her?

The girl's chaperon said that Miss Stancliff had been flattered, she supposed, by her many admirers and had, moreover, read a lot of novels of none too heavy weight. Her reading had made her believe that she had a romance in her life, that she was possibly the daughter of a very rich man or of a family of high rank in society. This idea, she said, had actually grown so strong in the girl's mind that in order to persuade her and convince her the parents obtained a copy of the certificate of birth, filed when she came into this world. Then at last she was convinced, although apparently sorry to see her prospective romance fade away into nothingness.

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STRENGTH OF THE BOER FORCES. Careful Calculation by Mr. Michael Daviti in a Letter From South Africa.

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal. BRANDFORT, April 16 .- Lieut .- Col. Trichardt, Commandant of the Boer artillery, has his camp some three miles from here, and I went out there yesterday afternoon to see his guns and learn the truth about the part alleged to have been played in the handling of them during the war by that English bogey "the foreign

The Commandant is a giant, some 6 feet in height, and of corresponding build. He is 52 years old, but does not look it. His hair is black and curly; eyes dark brown, face and expression" jolly." rather than intellectual ooking, giving you the impression of meeting a huge impersonation of Longfellow's village blacksmith. He has been the chief officer of the Transyaal artillery since 1897, and has been in the force from 1880. Previous to the Jameson raid the Transvaal

artillery had just a force of 100 men. To-day its strength in men is over 1,000. All these are carefully trained men. Eight-tenths of them are young Transvasiers, and the remainder (with a few exceptions) Free Staters.

formation for Gen. De la Rey. He has also had several vantol skirmishes with the English around Table Kop, and has provided his men since forming them into a special corps with plenty of valuable work, along with that most fascinating of all the occupations of warfare, scouting round the enemy's positions.

There is a rival body of 100 Russian scouts attached to Gen. Philip Botha's command at Osspruit camp, whither I am going to-morrow, and they have made an enviable reputation for their daring adventures beyond the British lines. They are permitted to act as they please, and are an independent body, subject, of course, to the service of the General to whom they report daily. Their Colonel and three of his men actually penetrated into the English encampment just outside of Bloemfontein, and brought back a most accurate sketch of the whole place including the exact position in which the English guns are placed. They are mostly Cossacks from the regions of the Don, and rival the young Boers of Phil Botha's commando in their splendid horsemanship.

Having during the past fortnight seen all the European volunteers and Americans, too, in the Boer forces, excepting the Russian scouts just alluded to, the two Irish brigades now serving with the Commandant-General in Natal (whose Colonels—Blake and Arthur Lynch—I have already met on several occasions in Pretorial and the other foreigners included in the Boer commando at Fourteen Streams, at Weponer, and in Natal, I venture to assert, with absolute confidence in the statement, that fleaving out the Outlanders who volunteered from the district of the Rand at the outbreak of the war! there is not a man more than a thousand men serving as foreign volunteers, in the federal armies. I put down the numbers in nationalities as follows: 120 Russians, 100 Americans, 100 Irish, 100 Italians, 150 Germans, 200 French and 200 Dutch.

I cannot speak with the same confidence as to the nationalities among the Outlanders, They are scattered over all the commandoes, and in Ireland to be

NUTMEG STATE LIGHTNING.

A Man 80 Years Old Killed -Chime of Bells Destroyed in a Fire.

WINSTED, Conn., June 30.-The residen of Zebina Cleveland was struck by lightning in eight places on Thursday and Lyman Beecher. aged 80, who was sleeping on a lounge, was instantly killed. Mr. Cleveland, who had been an invalid for several years, had a most miraculous escape from death. He was sitting near the bed when the bolt entered his room and broke one of the bed posts short off, split another bed post which was nearest him, scattered the bedstead froms, scorched the bedding, broke down great patches of plastering, burned the card of a picture over Cleveland's head so that the picture fell to the floor in pieces, burned the carpet up to Cleveland's feet and finally tossed him out of his chair. He was unconscious several minutes. Mrs. Cleveland and her daughter Sadle who were in the adjoining room, were badly shocked. The only mark on the dead man's head is a little hole in the top.

At New Hartford a bolt entered the barn of Hiram B. Holcomb where William Lander was harnessing a horse. The boy was knocked unconscious. Holcomb rushed into the barn and saved the lad before the flames reached him. His condition is serious. At Norfolk the barn of Carl Stoeckel, a millionaire, was fired by lightning and totally destroyed. The costly Battle ohimes, which were stored in a building and Vermont, a high-bred horse, were lost, entailing a damage of \$15.000. In North Goshen four barns owned by C. J. Hallock were ignited by a ball of fire and entirely consumed with their contents. tossed him out of his chair. He was unconscious

DOBLEY SHOPS FOR MRS. D.

STARTS OUT TO BUY A BELT FOR HER AND SUCCEEDS.

Difficulties a Man Experiences in the Purchase of a Simple Article of Feminine Wear Dobley's Zigzag Course in a Storm and His Selection of the Very Latest Thing. Mr. Dobley was at his office when he received this telegram:

Please stop in at Sellemthing's on your way home and buy me a belt; waist measure, twenty-one.

That meant that Mrs. Dobley wanted a belt in a great hurry, and as they were starting for out of town by an early morning train Mr Dobley supposed that it was to wear with a understood that when a case of necessity arose he was willing to sacrifice himself. So he kept the message and stopped off at Sellemthing's half an hour before closing time. He wondered if belts came under the head of notions or jewelry, but, wishing to be quite sure, he asked a floorwalker, who said belts were in

Mr. Dobley went down in the elevator won dering much and asked another man about belts. This man mopped his brow, for it was a warm afternoon, and repeated inanely, almost idiotically: "Belts?"

"Belts," said Mr. Dobley. "Belts for the "Not on this floor," said the man reproach-

fully "They said upstairs they were on this floor," said Dobley savagely. He hated being sent on a wild goose chase about a dry goods shop, and sometimes it seemed as though it were sort of game that the salespeople played on customers, especially when it was nearly time

"We only have athletic belts and swimming belts on this floor," said the floorwalker. "Then what are you talking about?" asked Dobley. "Where are they?"

The floorwalker designated the direction that led to the athletic goods, and Dobley proceeded, although he knew quite well that he would not find the belt Mrs. Dobley wished for among them. But he wanted to teach the floorwalker a lesson in politeness. So he said to the clerk:

"I wish to see some of your newest designs in athletic belts."

"Yes, sir, what size?" "Twenty-one inches," said Mr. Dobley. "We have nothing as small as that," said the clerk. "You'll find those in the children's

department. "Your system here," said Dobley, "is as emplicated as the reference departments of the Knowitall Dictionary.

He strode up stairs and wandered among the aisles like a lost soul, looking for belts. Seeing some things depending from a line with buckles on them he approached jauntily and said to the young woman in charge: "Let me see some of these in your very latest designs, please."

"The very latest have gun metal and Rhinestone buckles," said the young lady. has a norse snoe on one and a fleur-de-lis on the other. Eight dollars a pair." "A pair?" exclaimed Mr. Dobley. "Do rou

sell 'em by the pair?" "Usually," said the young lady, haughtily. "I only wanted one," said Dobley; "twentyone inches."

"How many inches?" asked the young lady in a frightened tone.
"Twenty-one," said Dobley, "waist measure."
"The waist measure doesn't matter," act

"Twenty-one, "said Dobley, want measure the young woman.

"Doesn't?" asked Dobley. "I should think the waist measure would matter considerably in a belt."

"These aren't belts, "said the young woman.

"These aren't belts, "said the young woman.

"They are stocking supporters."

"Oh——" said Dobley, "I thought——"

"Cawsh!" said the young lady turning her back deliberately on Dobley.

Mr. Dobley turned away crestfallen. It now only lacked fifteen minutes of 6 and he knew what to expect in the way of attention from the clerks at that hour. He saw a pleasant faced young woman standing by a counter full of hats and he approached her.

"Can you inform me," he said. "where I can find belts for sale?"

"I cannot, 'she said calmly.

"Would you be good enough to find out?" asked Dobley in desperation.

"I would not," she said haughtily.

"And why not, may I ask?" said Dobley.

"Because I don't choose to", said the young

"And why not, may I ask?" said Dobley.

"Because I don't choose to", said the young
woman, "and I think you are impertinent!"

Just then a salesman came up and handed
the lady a hat which she pinned on her head,
handed him payment for and left after a look
of scorn at Dobley, who perceived that he had
been addressing a customer instead of a saleswoman.

woman.
"Belts! Belts!" he said hoarsely clutching
the clerk's hand.
"What kind of belts?" asked the clerk in sur-

"What kind of belts?" asked the cierk in surprise.

Not a championship belt," said Dobley feebly: "nor a swimming belt, nor an athletic belt, nor an electric belt, but a belt—a feminine belt—twenty-one inches. Please lead me to them."

The man pointed to a counter across the room where two girls were dusting things and putting them away. They paid no attention to Mr. Dobley but carried on an interesting conversation.

to Mr. Dobley but carried on an interesting conversation.

"I'm goin' to Asberry Park on my vacation," said one of the girls. "We have the most elegant times and two gentlemen friends of mine are goin'; the bathin' is splendid! We're goin' to stop at the On-the-beach Hotel, 38 a week and ice cream Sunda's and Wensda's. It's the best place at the Park and we always....."

"Please show me some belts," said Mr. Dob-

ley.
"Belts?" said the girl.
"Belts," said Dobley: "ladies' belts—twentyone inches."
"Why didn't he wait till we were closed up?" said the other girl addressing space.

"What price belts?" asked the saisswoman.

"What price have you got?" asked Dobley,

"We have them frum 25 cents to \$50," said

"We have them frum 25 cents to \$50," said the girl.

"Well let me see some of them," said Dobley.
"How can I tell what I want till I see them?"

"He can't tell then," said the other girl again, addressing space. "He's a shopper. They always come in at six on a hot day."

"Here are some of the newest belts," said the young woman. "This gold braid with a real turquoise buckle. They are a dollar an inch and the buckle comes extra."

"Isn't that rather high?" said Dobley.
"Not for gold belts," said the girl.

"I think my wife would prefer a plainer sore of belt," he said.
"His wife?" said the space talker sarcastically.
"There is no call for plain belts," said the girl shoving the tray away in the case. "What time is it, Mame?"

"Ten minutes to six," said the other girl. "I should think folks know better than to come in at such a time."
"Perhaps you'd like to look at 65-cent belts?"

in at such a time."

"Perhaps you'd like to look at 65-cent belts?"

"Perhaps you'd like to look at 65-cent belts?"

suggested the girl who was supposed to be
waiting on Mr. Dobley.

"Perhaps I would," said Dobley. "Just les
me see them."

"Perhaps I would," said Dobley. Just let me see them."
"They're good for a cheap belt," said the girl as she slammed one of them out on the counter. "Of course some people expect to get sterling silver and double-faced satin for 65 cents."
"Haven't you anything between these and the real gold?" asked Dobley anxiously.
"We have hundreds of different styles of belts," said the young woman, "but I can't show you the whole stock unless you give me an idea what kind you want. How about a leather belt?"

"Well, how about it?" said Dobley. "Let me see it?"

She took out a box of leather belts. There was a dangerous glitter in her eye.

"Do you think a lady would like one of these belts?" he asked.

"It depends on the lady," said the girl pertly.
"Some would and some wouldn't. That's an old style belt. The pulley belt is the newest thing."

old style belt. The pulse of thing."

"Why didn't you let me see them in the first place?" asked Mr. Dobley. "That is what I want the newest thing in belts."

The girl took out a box of satin belts of different colors. "What size?" she asked.

"Waist twenty-one inches," he said.

"Then you'll want a nineteen belt," said the girl.

"Then you'll want a nineteen belt for a girl.

"Why should I want a nineteen belt for a twenty-one inch waist?" he inquired.

"Because you take two or three inches less in these belts," explained the salesgirl.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked.

"I have one on," said the girl.

"How much are they?" said Dobley.

"Two fifty each," said she.

"I'll take two," said Dobley desperately.

"Well, well, well!" said the girl who talked to space.

"Well, well, well." said the girl who taked to space.

Dobley escaped with his belts through a door, the grating of which had been put up except in one space through which he was allowed to pass eyed by the saleswomen as though he were a criminal. When he got home he displayed them to Mrs. Dobley.

"The very newest thing," he said.

Mrs. Dobley tried one on and it fitted.

"Well," she said. "you can shop better than I. They are perfectly lovely. Shopping is a perfect torment to me. The saleswomen and men are so disagreeable on hot days."

"I don't know that I exactly care for shopping," said Dobley, "but when it comes to belt hunt, give me the scent and I are game."